THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1343.

Original Poetry.

THE TILLER OF THE SOIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY DAVID L. ROATH.

A hardy, sun-burnt man is he,
A hardy sun-burnt man;
No member form you'll ever see,
Though all the world you scan.
In moment's toil, he can't untie a rod,
Yet, fail him at his toil—
Oh, far above the knights of old,
Is the Tiller of the Soil!

No weighty lore secure his door,
No dish is dog around;
His walls no costume bedeck o'er,
No deal lie on the ground.
A peaceful laborer is he,
Unknown in Earth's turmoil—
From many evidences free,
Is the Tiller of the Soil.

His stacks are seen on every side,
His barns on all the land;
Though others had not Fortune's tide,
He labors not in vain.
The land grew up to rich increase,
The sweet reward of toil;
And blest with happier ease and peace,
Is the Tiller of the Soil.

His trudges out at break of day,
And takes his way along;
And so he turns the yielding clay,
He sings a joyful song.
He is no dull, unhappy wight,
Bound in misfortune's coil;
The music is bright, the heart is light,
Of the Tiller of the Soil!

And when the orb of day has crown'd
With gold the Western sky,
Before his dwelling he is found,
With cheerful face to lie—
With little, laughing duplicates,
Caresses cannot spoil—
Oh, joy at every step awaits,
The Tiller of the Soil!

A hardy, sun-burnt man is he,
A hardy, sun-burnt man;
The poor's best aim to be—
Oh, far above the knights of old,
Is the Tiller of the Soil!

Augusta, Geo.

MY VILLAGE HOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh! give me again my village home.
By the side of the murmuring stream,
Where peace and quiet shall ever dwell,
And each face with affection beam.

The sunny flowers in our garden plot,
And our vine-clad cot the wood embrace,
Are dearer to me than the rarest plant,
That the stately hot' has gained.

The merry laugh of the gay may please,
But the bright waters leaping free
From the calm shores of the lovely lake,
Have a far sweeter sound to me.

The sense of the crowd and hall room sports,
May be highly prized by many,
But greater, far greater joys for me,
Are found in my village home. MARIE.

Original Tales.

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MARY DAVENANT.

CHAPTER I.

"You look fatigued, my dear," said Mrs. Walthan to her invalid husband, as their carriage rested for a moment on the brow of a hill in order to accompanie to survey the fine view it commanded.

"I do feel tired," said her husband faintly, "though a scene like this is enough to make a man forget his bodily ills, and only thank God he has no eye to see and a soul to feel its beauties. We would have a still finer view from our future cottage yonder by the wood. Suppose we rest there a while—perhaps they can give us a glass of milk, for I am very thirsty and it is full five miles to our stopping place."

Mr. Walthan consented, and a few moments found them at the door of a small log house to which the sound of the carriage brought a troop of noisy children, who gathered round to gaze at the unusual sight. With all her ingenuity, however, she failed to extract more information concerning Elsey's parentage than had been given by her husband, and Mrs. Walthan having decided upon the inexpedience of proclaiming to the world in which she was to live, the extreme destitution in which they found the child. It was not, however, Mrs. Benson's cue to betray her disinclination, when she found the prospect of bestowing a warm smile upon her brother's kindness of heart, and his wife's courage in consenting to undertake the thankless and troublesome office of nurse to a child of whom might after all turn out badly and torment their lives out. "You say you know nothing of her parents?" she added—then in a great hurry of blood, and she may have come of a race of fools or rascals for all you know."

"We will trust to Providence for that," replied Mrs. Walthan quietly. "She has now intelligence for her years, and if she is not of gentle birth her demeanor have been given by a mind of no ordinary class."

"We know that *refuse trussis* are always good," said Mr. Benson—however, you can get rid of her when the whim passes and you find her troublesome. Meanwhile we'll keep her nursery bad the little wild creature is "a barrioseed beggar, all rags and dirt, just about to be sent from a log cabin to the city. Elsey," said she, and she smoothed with the tablis hope that they would soon be heartily tired of their protege, and with wondering how long the child would last.

Undisturbed by these speculations, and only anxious to fulfil their duty towards the child of their companion, Mr. and Mrs. Walthan pursued the even tenor of their way, their affection for her so visibly increasing, that Mrs. Benson soon found it was not in her power to withhold a higher life. Mrs. Benson's whole energies were concentrated to obtain distinction in this. To achieve this object no labor was too wearisome, no accidental too irksome, so fatiguing as to be unattainable. It was not, therefore, surprising that "the world" considered her a most charming person, and that she exerted a more extensive influence in the circle in which she moved, than her more retiring but far more worthy sister-in-law, Still Mrs. Benson held her brother somewhat in awe, and dared not openly express her dissatisfaction with his arrangements, she therefore contented herself with privately lamentating that their ridiculous intention of adopting a child to share their young children's education they now fit to bestow upon her was filling her head with notions above her real condition, and would end by rendering her so conceited as to be absolutely unbearable.

To any other eye than one blinded by prejudice, the life of the young Elsey, intelligent, caressed, and gifted as she was, presented a beautiful example of docility and meekness. She seemed like one of those chosen ones of Heaven upon whom grace escaped the stain that has defiled our nature, and, absorbed by some high and holy influence, she moved in her pure purity, spreading around her an atmosphere of love and joy. But child though she was, Elsey had already undergone the fiery ordeal of sorrow; it seemed as if nothing could obliterate the memory of her early destitution, which grew with her growth, and strengthened as her mind and character matured. Whether it was as Mrs. Walthan sometimes suspected, that taints as to her humble origin had ventured her ears through others, or that her own deep sense of obligation kept the feeling in her mind, there it remained; and though a pure, devoted gratitude to the generous affection of her adopted parents could make it spread its light shadow, mellowing and hallowing her naturally bright and joyous temper.

CHAPTER II.

"My dear," said Mr. Benson to his wife, who was Mr. Walthan's sister, as he came home one evening a few weeks after the events we have narrated, "Your brother has returned from his western tour, and I stopped in to see how they were as I came up the street."

"George is better, I hope?" said Mrs. Benson, carelessly, and without raising her eyes from her sewing. "Oh, by! I suppose I shall have to call up there after tea, and I am so tired."

"George is quite himself again—Clara, too, looks charmingly. I was much amused with her account of her journey with them from the wild woods—guess what it is."

"How should I know?—as dead Indians, my dear, I suppose."

"No, something stranger still—a living child."

"A child! you are jesting, Richard."

"Indeed I am not—it is a mere little girl of five or six years old that they have picked up somewhere, and are going to adopt."

"Was ever such folly heard of! Whose child is she?"

"Nobody's."

"Do be serious, Richard, and tell me all about it. You really alarm me."

"I have told you all I know. After I had been looking at your brother's a few moments, a pretty child came into the room with some flowers in her hand. Of course I asked who she was and George said she was an orphan who had been confided to their care during their journey, and that both Clara and he had become so fond of her that they were going to adopt her."

"And you asked no further questions?"

"How could I?—the child was present all the time, and it was no concern of mine."

"No concern of yours!" exclaimed Mrs. Benson, (also a far-sighted woman,) "when it may so materially affect the fortunes of your children. Of course my brother would have left all he had to them, and now that ridiculous whim may cut them off entirely—for who knows what a child may be? A stranger, the most unaccountable people—and having worked herself into the conviction that she had been greatly injured by her brother, Mrs. Benson set out to welcome him home in no very amiable frame of mind.

Mr. Walthan assented, and a few moments found them at the door of a small log house to which the sound of the carriage brought a troop of noisy children, who gathered round to gaze at the unusual sight. With all her ingenuity, however, she failed to extract more information concerning Elsey's parentage than had been given by her husband, and Mrs. Walthan having decided upon the inexpedience of proclaiming to the world in which she was to live, the extreme destitution in which they found the child. It was not, however, Mrs. Benson's cue to betray her disinclination, when she found the prospect of bestowing a warm smile upon her brother's kindness of heart, and his wife's courage in consenting to undertake the thankless and troublesome office of nurse to a child of whom might after all turn out badly and torment their lives out. "You say you know nothing of her parents?" she added—then in a great hurry of blood, and she may have come of a race of fools or rascals for all you know."

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CHAPTER IV.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Benson's positive assertion to the contrary, she was perfectly aware of Mr. Trevor's previous acquaintance with her brother's family. They had met under peculiar circumstances. Mr. Walthan, whose health was still delicate, had been taken suddenly ill at a small town in Virginia, where Mr. Trevor happened to be on business. They were in the same hotel, and the assistance he had been able to render the disconsolate family was particularly valuable. He had lingered long after his business was concluded, and during Mr. Walthan's convalescence, had been Elsey's frequent companion both in the sick room of the invalid, and in her occasional rambles through the surrounding country, and they had thus become more intimately acquainted than during months or even years of the usual intercourse of fashionable society.

Mr. Trevor was a man of good family, good expectations, handsome, intelligent and high bred, though more than a little spoiled by the flatteries of the world and the injudicious though often fatal indulgence of a fond but imperious mother. His father had died when he was but an infant, and afterwards his mother became possessed of a large estate, in the care of which, and to the nurture of her child, she had devoted her whole energies, refusing to enter into a second matrimonial engagement. Unfortunately she was a weak woman, despotic in her temper, and extremely wealthy in her views; exacting from her child implicit obedience to herself, but leaving his character in other respects to the discipline of circumstances.

Mrs. Benson had met both the mother and son at a watering place, and by her blandishments and flatteries had won not a little upon the face of both; she therefore settled it in her mind, the moment Mr. Trevor entered her drawing-room, that his present visit was the result of the favorable impression then made, which might eventuate in the accomplishment of her eldest daughter, and the accomplishment of one great end of her existence. Oh, the labors, cares and strifes of a regular intriguer!—the self-denials and the watchfulness of that religious devotee are slight, compared with that so willingly entered by these self-elected victims of worldly aggrandizement.

Wearied as she was with the exertions of the evening, Mrs. Benson scarce could close her eyes that night, so busy was her brain with ever accomplishment of one great end or her existence. Oh, the labors, cares and strifes of a regular intriguer!—the self-denials and the watchfulness of that religious devotee are slight, compared with that so willingly entered by three

cheaper lately, and shows to be nothing sweet and luxurious from mark connection. What is it that makes your head droop, and your cheeks sicken? Are you afraid anybody will harm you?"

This was a little too much; and my cheeks grew reddish, but my head elevated itself. "My! it is a beautiful name, Lucy Lightfoot!" I exclaimed, thinking of which he Roberts can not say, as tobacco, principle to which that judge, that lawyer, and that gentleman are all devoted. Of course, there is a light electric chain existing the fairy ring, which Heaven intended should be of service, a chain which unites mobile feeling of one person, a chain which, if it handled too rudely, and which, when touched, we to those who have the strength of trying to break it?"

"Honey! rank honey! Why, you would be hooted at, mobbed in the streets, if you were heard to utter such sentiments."

"Ay, I know it. That is one of our rights, secured to us by the Reform—the right to be mobbed and hooted, curses, and all."

The laugh of the lawyer-lad has excited until her voice had broken and sunk into a hoarse whisper. "Lucy!" "Lucy!" "Lucy!" came from the cries from every part of the courtroom. "Order!" Order!" "Order!" rang out the echo. The court put on all its dignity, and looked very portentous; the constables exerted themselves manfully (*unusually*,) the lawyers raised a last screech, and the crowd hissed and groaned:

"Carry her out! carry her out! she has swooned!" shouted several voices; and an old woman at my elbow, gave, with a sound oath, her opinion that it was "only a woman's trick to steer clear of them brushes." He added a grumbling word or two about the doings of a certain *capricieuse* in a late storm; but at this moment I caught a glimpse of the face of the lawyer as she was true lovely face of; I started with surprise, and awoke. That I should have such a vision of my Cousin "*Bel*" Well,

"If it comes three times, I thought, I'll take it for a sign." Ou! IT IT SHOULD!

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1847.

TERMS.

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TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

Subscribers who are in arrears, will please send us their dues through the mail, without waiting to be called upon by our collectors.

INFORMATION WANTED

of the following named persons who are in arrears to this paper:

Of Wm. G. Logan, late of Widow Flats, Kentucky.
Of F. H. Isaell, late of Hillsboro', Missouri.
Of T. Richardson, late of ——
Of M. Rose, late of ——
Of Saml. Gault, late of Slate Rock county, Kentucky.
Of Dan'l McNulty, late of Barcelona, Mississippi.
Of J. P. Lamb, late of Springfield, Illinois.
Of R. M. Hadley, late of Susquehanna, Pa.
Of E. Underwood, late of Painsets, Michigan.
Of Humphrey Moore, late of Lockport, Canada.
Of Thos. Winsted, late of Newport,
Of Benj. J. Hisbree, late of Irvington, Ohio.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The names of correspondents must always accompany their articles, or they will not be inserted.

SERIES IN BEHAND BACK HER HOME, is accepted.

EUCELIA. Our stock of accepted Enigmas is rather low. If our numerous friends succeed up regularly, they must keep us supplied with good ones.

J. B. P. is informed that the only way is to write our own, at least, as a specimen. We've none take "a peg in a pole."

THE CHINESE MUSEUM.

To the lovers of strange and curious things, we could hardly be a greater feast than that now set forth at the Chinese Museum, corner of Ninth and George streets. The collection purports in interest, we think, even the magnificent one made by Mr. Dunn. The presence of two living Chinese men, who have a part to perform in the exhibition, gives it a decided superiority; and their close resemblance in every essential particular to the figures illustrative of the Chinese customs, satisfies you that the whole is a truthful representation, and assists in throwing over it such an air of reality that you are almost as much at home as if actually with an actual glimpse of the Celestial Empire A glimpse like this, however, does not make you feel more familiar with the strange people. It shows you how widely different they are from ourselves, and the differences strike you so forcibly, that it is difficult at first to realize that they are common nature with like passions, affections, and persons; so peculiar have they grown through long imitation from the rest of mankind and long observance of what seem to us the absurdest customs. Accordingly this luminous display of their worths and ways only carries a desire to know more of the Flowery Nation, as it is very appropriately styled; and we enlightened just enough to see how great a marvel and a curiosity it is.

The first cursory look around the room does not give you a correct conception of the Chinese character. In all this assemblage of curious and costly articles there is so little in proportion that is really beautiful and attractive, that you are compelled to form a low estimate of the people whose utmost efforts of skill and taste seldom result in more than mere child's play; and many of these contrasts appear, in the first shock of novelty, so senseless and puerile, that you are tempted to doubt their possession of an average quantity of intellect. An attentive and thoughtful examination, however, enables you to judge them more justly. From the forest of fingers look more intelligent when you become somewhat accustomed to the storm inside that strike you at first as so devoid of dignity of well as of beauty. It is however, in all these specimens, a solemn and melancholy kind of intelligence—not a spark of spirit or what we call *life*, lighting up the countenance.

The collection appears to be admirably arranged to give a clear and full idea of the manners of the people as could be conveyed in this way. In the first case, a glass case enclosing the space of a small room, the Emperor in chair of state, and surrounded by the highest officers of the empire arrayed in all the costly and splendid robes, gorgeously embroidered with the figures of the monster and a very fantastic item. This apparel, of course, does not comport with our ideas of dignity, but that is a matter of taste and habit. They may be real dignitaries in spite of the trifling look of their flowery garb; and that there is a very respectable portion of wisdom and judgment in conducting the Chinese Government, any one will be satisfied of who at once quaints himself at all with its history. There is one feature of it that more enlightened countries would do well to imitate. In choosing officers to fill the high places of the empire, the ground of preference is invariably superiority of intellect and cultivation: rank and wealth having less weight as influencing considerations than perhaps in any other nation. This of course has a powerful effect in bringing out all the talent of the country, and securing to be service of the state the best minds within its wide dominion. It stands also the universal estimation of learning, such as it is. The aristocracy is, that all their ambitions looks to the past for its standard, never dreaming of any higher attainment than those that make the glory of the golden days long gone by. All their governmental policy is similar to that of the Romans, and the Egyptians, and others. The prevailing opinion is expressed in a favorite proverb, "The golden days of antiquity are the days of wisdom." Of course, this habit of mind is unfavorable to progress; but the excellent result of this is that the nation should repudiate for the mind of man, and even more extravagantly.

In the second case of the Museum, the people of her ladies in full dress, and in the third case, those of the Emperor, here first as the natural dress, which is the same as that worn by the Tartar conquerors of Chinese customs. In the other ladies we have specimens of feet compressed to suit their conical shoes; and in the last case, an almost infinite variety of splendid articles, in the manufacture of which the great skill which every one possesses in this branch of industry is displayed. Models of houses, have been expended, as well as the highest taste that exists in the country. Some of the paintings seem almost too gaudy, particularly those of the landscapes apparently true to nature and pleasingly colored.

The most entertaining part of the exhibition perhaps, is the musical performance which strikes your ear as strangely as the rest of the scene does your eye. The music is the time-honored air, but the musician comes in at the usual entrance, and crosses in the upper end of the room, as you have a good opportunity to see his dress and features fully. It is very peculiar, as unsteady and painful gait, wholly devoid of manly grace and dignity, as if the sensation of pain in the which the feet of the performers have been subjected for so many generations, had entailed deformity upon the set exempted from that pain, as the case would be supposed. But we but one example, yet it seems a probable effect. The performer passes through a private door and makes his appearance in the music room, a little apartment elevated above the floor of the Museum, and most gaily and profusely ornamented with gilt and red. They sit down, take an instrument from the wall and seating himself in a bamboo chair plays a simple prelude, in a few seconds and sounds that remind you of the stronger utterance of it, make a sound that is quite indescribable, as it cannot be compared to any other instrument, to their nearest to the violin. But the singing with which he present. ly accompanies it, reminds you of nothing you have ever heard before. It is a low, sweet, wailing, in the first part, and the second is more than twenty different songs, both apparently as very sorrowful subjects, for not a lively or joyful note does he utter through it all. The second, however, is more spirited and pleasing as you get accustomed to it.

The face of the tender looked quite intelligent when it was closely observed. At first you only notice the eye, and lifeless appearance that seems to be a so fixed, but on a little writing he looks the part perfectly, with his whole hand, in a way that seems very awkward, and as you watch the person, his figure seems to lose its natural proportions, and the whole man shudder. To us they look as unnatural.

We have but glanced at the numberless objects of interest and curiosity contained in this collection. It is well worthy of minute and careful study, being admirably adapted by its judicious selection and arrangement of its valuable contents to give a close idea, clearer than could possibly be obtained by any other means than travelling thither, of a country and people long so jealously guarded from the eyes of foreigners.

At the close of this article, we have thought it might be interesting to our readers to lay before them the following, prepared by the late proprietor of a Chinese song, which it will be observed at once, bears considerable resemblance to Tennyson's "Brook" and "Sonnet." It was translated for the Inquirer, by Professor Le Kanhing, of the Museum.

To the last rap of Cougee,
Left restless nights,
All the gaeggs but one, sat
Dejected and glum;
No more tales of scandal,
No crony a sigh,
To add to the story
And list with a sigh

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To rind in the sea
Though wanky and tasteless,
I'll vaughty thee yet—
Then kindly I'll caster
They leave a'e the bed
Where thou sorrow'st alone.
The friends are gone—
For I don't much like sting
And empty bottles
Would I were in bed, now
That nobody's nigh,
Is dream-land I'd visit
My charming Fa-Fy.

LORD BYRON.

The tendency of mankind is always from one extreme to the other. It was the recognition of one age, he is almost certain to be undervalued in the next; and in no case is this truer than in that of Lord Byron. Byron was in the height of his fame, hemming the fresh, his giving, poetry-ringing air of the world's mountain tops, Keats and Wordsworth were in the lowly valleys. The one, classical, vigorous and energetic poetry of the first half of passionate beauty and sublimity, had in day been idolized in consequence. Then the tide began to set in the other direction. Men began to perceive that there were other qualities in Shelley, Tennyson, Barnett, Norton, Moore are all favorites, though not of course equal favorites, of the world, and we turn to one, to another, to another. We would not desire to have all the poets of one species, any more than the flowers. We take the homage to the gods provide, we blame the delicate wind favors that it is not a rose. True every poet has a rather part with the former than the latter, but each welcome in its season.

But we were drawn into this course of thought by another book, the Home and Haunts of British Poets,' proving that Lord Byron in his youth attended the same haunts and associated with many on these latter days, have been pleased to regament him. And though the connection is but slight between the anecdote and the remarks we have made indulged in, still it seems to us sufficient to warrant us in so doing. The story is as follows —

Sir Robert Peel, it must be premised, was a cotemporary with Byron at the University of Cambridge University. It is related that when a great fellow at a boy-feast, who chanced to sit next to Peel as a *fag*, was giving him a castigation, Byron happened to pass by. Peel, who was stripped to the waist, turned to other, and poor Peel writhing under them. Byron felt for the boy the misery of his friend, and although he was not strong enough to fight the tyrant, he was very happy at the moment. Peel, who was now even a public man, he advanced to the scene of action; and with a blush of rage, burst in his eyes, and in a voice trembling with terror and indignation, asked very humbly if he would be pleased to tell him "how many stripes he meant to inflict?"

"Why," replied the executioner, "I apply rascal, what is that to you?"

"Because, if you please," said Byron, "*I would take half.*"

That Byron was then originally a noble nature, is proved by and all contradiction by this little anecdote.

MERCANTILE PURSUITS.

We often hear the complaint made by noble-minded young men, engaged in mercantile pursuits, that the business of the country days is more and more to contract the mind. In order to succeed in it, they must devote their whole energies, and direct fully to its object, which they are thus prevented from and others.

The complaint is a natural one, and we sympathize with many of those who utter it; but we are not of the opinion that it can be justified. On the contrary, we think that the mercantile world is peculiarly favorable to the development of the noblest traits of character. Its very activity, its constant exercise of the faculties, by the competition of his less noble and manly neighbors. It is this which the finer spirited man delights, and which will give him the most complete of, or refuse he royal all description.

But what is to be done? Some say, "Make money as fast as you can, and then retire." Some "Join the dirty paths of trade,"—we know one young man now avowedly endeavoring to carry out this plan. Some say, "Get on the line you can, and stick to it." We plan at all, for it does not even pretend to mend the matter. It only says, "the work is there, choose opportunity to be the most used the best, and get done with it." But certainly mercantile pursuits are not necessarily and essentially vile—they are not, like gambling, and the like which the first of these is based on the contrary the merchant does as good and necessary a work in effecting the exchange of commodities, as the cruiser in protecting them, and producing them. L. is not, therefore, the thing itself, not the matter, but the manner, which is to be found fault with.

The truer way, therefore, for those to act who feel the uneasiness of many things that now appear to them, is to consider them as *pro* and *tantum*, that we to weakly *fly from* the wrong; but to remain in contact with it, and undertake, by patient, manly and persevering effort, to wheel a better state of things. To those especially who are gifted with great business talents, such a course seems most imperatively called for. Let them not shrink a better state of things equally fine sentiments, but less power of the practical plan proposed by so many writers of late.

And the first thing that such should strive after is, most evidently, Uniformity of Prices. The present system of constant fluctuation, and consequent discontent between shopper—instead of fair transfer of goods for a just consideration.

Uniformity of Prices once established in a reasonable degree, it would be perhaps possible for the true and noble-hearted to do business without a single falsehood and barely tingling of the cheek. And though there are many other reforms needed, before mercantile pursuits will be very attractive to conscientious and refined minds, this one would make such a great step, that until it is effected, it seems useless to allude to any others.

FREEDOM IN FRANCE.

A few weeks ago we published a short article in relation to the general freedom of conversation enjoyed by the French and the English, and taking the former as the more favorable specimen of the two than the former. In the course of our remarks, we stated the opinion, which we had every reason to suppose a true statement:

"In Paris, ten people dare not meet together in a public place, dare not dine together in a public restaurant, without the police, or *some one pretending before the law counts, two cases.* In London, a thousand persons may meet together, *and not in breakfast in a public house without any police or constable persons are being prosecuted for having met together.* See the evidence before the Select Committee on the Irish *Outrages, according to the Protestant form.*"

In reference to this statement, a highly respectable gentleman has called our attention to the subject, and has sent us the following communication:

"I was surprised at reading the article in your valuable paper, entitled "Freedom of France," calculated, as I think it is, to create a false impression. I have no better information. In practice, I assure you, there is as much personal freedom in France as we find in our own country. Men meet in their persons, but thousands meet, from time to time, when and where they please, and no police dare to their inclinations with perfect freedom, provided they do not violate public order, or cause riots in actions to the public or individuals. Last Summer, on a regatta I found in France, I saw a great gather ings of individuals, amounting to some ten, twenty, and, in some instance, three and four to the score of three hundred thousand persons, who, like myself, went without any authority from the police. At the banded meetings of Catholics, Methodists, Quakers and other Protestants and of Catholics; of literary and other associations, I have attended as a visitor, and I recruited authority, just as I would have done in the United States.

"It is true, in France they have a law against *vagabonds*, and a man is justly accountable for the consequences and punishable for the simple act of remaining in such an assembly as that of a theatre spectator. When a gathering (*attroupement*) or crowd of persons, with or without intent, assembles in place so as to cause an inconvenience to the public, the action of the police is sufficient in general to dissipate it. Persons are not punished for meeting, since it then becomes criminal, unless the parties are charged with some crime, or with riot or insurrection. For the purpose of putting the people down collected in the street, to make room for the passage of being present liable to punishment, certain regulations must be observed. These are briefly designated by the law, must appear personally declaration of the intended meeting, and, if it be a riot, by the law, summon and command the people to disperse, and to leave the place. This is done by the reading of summons must be preceded by a roll on the drum, or a flourish of a trumpet; when this is done, the persons are commanded to disperse, and if they do not or remonstrate criminally, and, in cases of injuries to the persons or property of others, are punishable. But if the formalities required by the law have not been fulfilled; if, for example, the gathering magistrate do not appear, or be be not decorated with his scarf; if the sound of the drum or the trumpet do not precede the summons, or any other normality exist, then the persons assembled will have committed no position, although present, are not liable for any acts done by others. In order to make a charge of riot against having infringed any law, any arrest of them is illegal, and the use of public force against them criminal. Such is the French law, and I believe it to be substantially correct."

THE COQUETTE.

This full-length portrait of the Coquette entitled "The Woman Conqueror," recently published in the Pittsburg "Iron City." Than this we do not think the force of conception and execution could be surpassed.

Go vieme! raise thy pearl make secure
Thy freshest complexion o'er the young and pure!
Thy cheek is rouged, thy lip is red,
For soon will all be colored.
Alas, for with mould and dust do the bone!
Alas, that then coast not, to count the same,
Shall the Rome Roads, or fact the quenchless flame.
That ever the cruelly consumed.

In connection with the above, we may give our own opinion, that, while real "coquetry" is one of the most subtle and hateful qualities that can exist in the mind of man or woman, a certain degree of it is great deal pauses for coquetry, is not only natural, but, to least, very excusable. It is right and proper that a young people should know each other's characters thoroughly before marriage, and in order to obtain this knowledge it is necessary that their true natures should be very close and intimate. A young girl is partial, at first, to a gentleman; she is not exactly in love, but she has what is called or a liking" for him: his visits become frequent, and he gradually lays off his artificial reserve and politeness and becomes each other's character. Then comes and more of his real character. It she to blame then that, perceiving by the light of this close intercourse, that she does not love him sufficiently to wish, she gradually withdraws herself from his society, and if he still persists, refuses him to suit? We think every one must answer in the negative, and dare the false accusations that are generally made in such cases of flirting and coquetry, than risk her future happiness by a union with one for whom she has not the warmest love. Such things call up to mind that proverb, which we believe the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad.

A TRUE WOMAN.

A man by the name of Quackenbush, ran off with a young girl from Berlin, New York, a short time since, deserting his family. He was soon after arrested in Boston, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment in the House of Correction. A touching letter from his wife, was published in the Courier, and read in mitigation of his punishment. The following is the concluding paragraph —

You ask my forgiveness. I can forgive you from my very heart, and the children do, too. When I tell them of going to the State Prison it almost breaks their hearts. I am not able to come and see you, but I will try and have your brother come if he will. May the Lord be with you; and if we never meet again in this world, may we meet where parting will be no more. This is the prayer of your forsaken and broken-hearted wife."

Here a man could run off from such a sweet saint as this letter indicates he with to be, can only be explained by the old doctrine that sin is a delusion of the devil.

COMPLIMENTARY.

Compliments in general do not touch us (if it did the world would be quite unbearable), but when they are sincere and delicately expressed, we should say we were "not to blame," but what few are conveyed in this way. Referring from a person to any quality we desire, he or she found F. Bayard Taylor, who is now passing through this city, and who, we presume, will favor us with a few more poems. Here is the first one papers, and we generally are able to form it with the degree of fidelity —

The Poet's Entrance.—"Then entered Thalia—with her sandals buskins, and her temples ivy crowned; a comic mask she held instead of a sceptre, and her words were worthy of such a dignity. Her face was full of laughter, and her eyes sparkled with wit, like the stars of heaven."—*Lucian concerning the Saturday Visitation.*

Thalia! hail! over thy portals
Let the ivy twine,
Let the buskin and the sceptre
Yield to the comic mask of mine!
For the former body, impossible, the taunt of genius and pure literature grows stout. The Country Press, with, so far as we are aware, only one exception, spoke out most manfully against the late war. This paper, however, who are opposed to their united voice, the whole land awoke from its deadly slumber, and received that these abominations in the shape of books, should be put away from among us. The cheering result is told in the paragraph we have above quoted.

LONDON GOSSIP.

We take the following interesting items of London Gossip, from the English correspondent of the Pennsylvania Pioneer—

A piece of private scandal is now rising the round of the west circles, respecting the Marchioness of Conyngham, on the day of the opening at Parliament. She was driven to the House of Lords, and stood in front of the throne, she passed and looked about her assembly; (very natural, why shouldn't a Queen look about?) she saw, amidst the Peeresses, the Duchess of Sutherland, (beautiful lady. She asked one of the officers in attendance who it was, but he several times evaded the question. He however, at length told her that it was the wife of Her Majesty and Prince Albert went to the Duchess's theatre. The play was performed which they had seated themselves and the National anthem was sung. Miss Mordaunt, who shouted upon the stage in the *Lady parvus*? The myself in my explained at length, and the Queen was very indignant.

The "Whittington Club"—Jarrold, *President*—held a soiree at the London Tavern, a few days since. There were 1,200 and 1,400 present at one time; a large number of ladies graced the assembly. Mary Howitt is Vice-President of the Society. Among the songs, sung during the evening, Jerrold. Howitt, Dr. Bowring and others, made themselves heard. Four hundred ladies belong to the Club, the object of which is mutual improvement.

The Athenæum recently reviewed Ralph Waldo Emerson's poems, and in the No. for April 17th, it said the friends of Emerson intend to invite him out this summer, to deliver a course of lectures, and make a "lion" of him. He would be introduced to Carlyle, Macaulay, Hallam, His Poems and Essays have all been re-published in London.

We need to laugh at the Germans for being so ignorant of our country, but my word for it, people here are ten times worse—at least, their questions are. The other day, I was giving a lady a description of the Falls of Niagara, and when I had finished, said to my wife —"Is not that so, Mrs. Gale; I'd put it to you, my dear?" Why," exclaimed the lady—"why, *he speaks English!*"

Editorial Varieties.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

In the columns of a recent letter in Boston, upon "Bible truths," Dr. Garnet said—

All these questions which are sometimes thought to embarrass the Bible are easily solved when they are settled, and can be settled, only by a reference to the principles of the Bible. Let me open the book in their hands, and we shall hear no more "Woman's rights will be her wrongs," *for we learn rights will be but man's privileges.*

Whereupon the editor of the Transcript, who is a woman, remarks as follows —

To make woman the presiding genius of a Christian *Home*, is placing her in the most elevated of all positions, and of the wife is not exalted. It is a station, mistaken the purpose of her existence, and in proportion with the other sex she will be an equal performer, in order to establish the doctrine of "Woman's Rights."

Before we leave this subject, we will express a sentiment almost as much at variance with the views of the Transcript, and in some, as a general rule can she do so much good, as in that of "the humble walks of life." Where there is more honorable for woman, and in none, as a general rule, can she do so much good, as in that of "the humble walks of life." Where there is more of the genuine affection, more sincerity and hardy honor supported by their wages at the public works, and in the humble walks of life, than among the higher ranges, lead themselves at work to prepare a crop for next season.

Wanted—Good food—it wanted; but seed is more wanted—most wanted—oats and barley. Supply might come from America if barley is there for sowing. Indian corn for food may be had for money from Europe, but not seed. Seed must be had for money, but without seed our future is hopeless.

We have given the above in plain statement of fact—but trust entirely, my dear ladies, to your good hearts and good understandings.

LATE PEACE PROPOSITIONS.

One of the Mexican papers publishes the terms recently offered by our Government to the Mexicans, through Senor Atocha. The principal one was, that Mexico should cede to us all that part of New Mexico lying on the south side of the line of twenty-six degrees from the Gulf to the Pacific, and that United States to demand no expenses. Such are the terms which the Government of Mexico has refused to accept.

Gen. Scott has just been presented with the freedom of the city of Vera Cruz, and not unlikely will be given a similar presentation by the city of Mexico; but when he gets the freedom of the city of New York he will have something worth having to know what to do with it.

If we had recently swop honors here, as they have in some cities, we might think it a free ticket for a free ride. But, seriously, we think it a good thing when they present the freedom of the city to those heroes, will explain to them the privileges which it confers upon them.

GEN. TAYLOR.

The following anecdotes are told of the old General's coolness at Monterey. We extract them from the Baltimore Sun:

The first shot fired at Monterey was from one of the long cabrinos, aimed at Gen. Taylor himself, whilst reconnoitering. The ball struck the ground in front of him and bounded over his head. "Did you see that, General?" said one of his staff. He calmly remarked.

A few months of Gen. Taylor at Monterey, told by his staff, has never appeared in print. In the morning the ball was flying in every direction, and a bridge which was constantly swept by the Mexican artillery. When approaching it, it was agreed that they (the General and staff) should ride over it singly at a gallop. Four had crossed thus, when it came to the General's turn. He was then about the middle of the bridge, and when the balls were showering around him, accidentally dismounted. At another part of the field attracted his attention. Stopping for a moment, he said to Gen. Worth, the following remark, he deliberately took out and cleaned his spy glass, contented himself, and then closing it, rode on.

CITY OF MEXICO.

The account of the recent attempted Revolution in Mexico, shows that the city is in a state of anarchy, and that the people have no self government. Internal dissensions at any time, are disgraceful to a nation, but when its very existence is at stake, and when the foreign foe is at its gates, they are criminal beyond description. Mexico for the time being is a conquered country, and her people should take into consideration the well known fact, how soon the United States will be ready to re-invigorated constantly from the mass of the people, become puny and puerile in mind and body, we may well count upon the speedy subjugation of the country.

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CORRUPT LITERATURE.

The Home Journal, published in New York, says—

In the demand for books, there is a present change that is worth noting. Time was on our memory when the Sunday Morning Newspapers and the Penny Dreadfuls were almost monopolies, and when the Police Gazette and the Flash Literature of the day were almost exclusively read by the lazy and the vicious. Things are changing now. The Sunday Newspapers are losing their circulation, and the Penny Dreadfuls are falling into disrepute. The Police Gazette is almost dead, and the Flash Literature of the day is losing its hold upon the public. The Sunday Newspapers are losing their circulation, and the Penny Dreadfuls are falling into disrepute. The Police Gazette is almost dead, and the Flash Literature of the day is losing its hold upon the public.

BUCH IS WAR.

The Spanish paper La Patria publishes at New Orleans, gives the following account of a accident occurring during the siege of Vera Cruz:

A bomb from the American batteries fell into the church, opened through the roof, and exploded upon the altar, killed fifteen women who had there taken refuge and were engaged in prayer.

Such is war!

PLENTY AND FAMINE.

While the fresh people are perishing from famine, and the Irish wanderers are overloaded with the bounties of the Government, the Irish landowners are revelling in all the luxuries of life. The stores of the Dublin Custom House have not room for another rack, and scarcely a day passes without the arrival of some warehouse are built, or other *storehouses* are provided.

JAIL BREAKING.

The New Castle Jail was broken open by the prisoners a short time ago, and five prisoners escaped. One person, however, who was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, refused to leave his quarters. He was replied for the accommodations at New Castle.

WE HOPE NOT.

It is reported in New Orleans, that the daughter of the British Consul in Vera Cruz, was killed by one of the shells thrown into the city by our troops, and that the family of the French Consul were more or less injured.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

FALL IN BREADSTUFFS.

PROSPECTS OF HARVEST PROMISING.

The Cambria arrived at Boston on Tuesday afternoon. The following is the most important news from England, which we extract from the Boston papers:

The Queen's visit to Ireland has been received by the Central Relief Committee of the Society at Friends in Dublin, for these days amounted to £70,000, exclusive of the large consignments of provisions on their way or from offerings.

Corn Markets.—The corn markets are receiving and others, under favorable circumstances. Twigge had taken up his march towards the capital. Santa Anna made a triumphant entry into the city of Mexico, and was to be inaugurated the next day.

Liverpool Corn Market.—There has been several breadstuffs in our Corn market since the sailing of the Hibernia. Large importations of provisions of the month amount to 1s per 70 lbs. on Wheat; 6d per 45 lbs on Oats; 6d per 196 lbs on Barley; 4s per quarter on Rye, Peas and Beans. So per barrel on Flour; 3s per sack on Flour; 3s per 280 lbs on Oatmeal; 3s to 3s per 480 lbs, and 10s per barrel on Indian Corn Meal.

Within a few days past, a re-action has been experienced, in part of 2 shillings per quarter, on barley 1s. per sack, on Indian corn, 5s. per 480 lbs. and other articles about 1 per barrel. The trade generally has assumed more firmness, with some heavy transactions in flour at 37s to 38s per barrel for Western and for Philadelphia and Baltimore 40s to 50s 6d. New Orleans 34s to 35s per barrel on the spot; with the usual allowance. American wheat rates from 10s to 10s 6d for Southern, up to 11s at 11s 6d per 70 lbs for Northern white; rye 4ss 50s per quarter; barley 5s 6da's per 60 lbs. Beans 40s to 42s per quarter; peas 42s to 44s per quarter. Oats per quarter.

Ashes.—The trade to-day is again rather firmer. There are buyers of wheat at full prices. Flour supports the advancement. Sales of Indian meal at 30s per 480 lbs. for northern yellow, and meal 29s 6d to 30s per 480 lbs. Beef and pork. New Island 170s 4 to 6d, Brewed Georgia 64s. New Mess 130s to 134s 6d.

Provisions, Cotton Market.—Week ending April 2d.—Sales of the week 45,000 bales. Cotton market this week; instead of the gloom and the column of Vera Cruz. The Union says

The scenes both of Gen. Scott and Gen. Taylor's reception in the capital of Mexico, are the most entertaining business on each successive day, both on trade and speculation. Exporters also have become purchasing for some time of the better qualities of cotton, and the market closed firm at the close. At present it became a certainty that an increase of demand would also give a rise to the price. Accordingly American description of all qualities are rising one quarter penny per pound, and the great bulk of the ordinary kinds 3d.

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

FROM NEW MEXICO.

ACCOUNTS CONFIRMED.

The St. Louis Republican of the 9th inst., contains very full accounts of the operations in Santa Fe, the dates being to the 17th of February. It confirms the news previously received of the successes of the American forces, in various encounters in New Mexico. Moreno, one of the principal of the insurrectionists, was tried by a Court Martial and condemned to be hung. The Pueblo Indians seem to have been prominent in the commencement of the outbreak. We copy the following description of the inhuman massacre of Gov. Bent and others at Taos:

Two Pueblo Indians had been confined in the Calaboose at Taos, for crime. The Indians from their village, two miles distant, came in a body and demanded their release from Mr. Stephen L. Lee, the sheriff. Perceiving that the sheriff was in danger if he refused, he was about to comply with the demand, when the Hon. Charles Bent, Civil, a Mexican, came in and forbade it. The Indians insisted, and Mr. Lee ordered the release of the prisoners. They then proceeded towards the Governor's house, and as he knew their errand, he was informed by a friend of their approach. He had time to warn himself, for it was early, and put on his overcoat, and went out to meet them. They were distinctly heard. A woman in the house at the time, says that she heard the Governor tell them that would be useless with such a crowd of people. He would have to get out of the house and get assistance from such friends as he could meet; so he was hastening to get out of the back of the house, when they broke open the front door. The Governor then ran through the house, and out of the back door, and was met by a crowd of Indians, who commenced shooting and scalping him. They then proceeded to the house of Mr. Lee, and murdered him, and his family, with the exception of his wife and children, who were saved by the intercession of Mrs. Carson, wife of Col. Carson, who was absent at the time. They then proceeded to the house of Mr. Leal, and murdered him, and three boys into the street, and murdered them. They then proceeded to the house of Mr. Beaubien, who at Judge Beaubien, who, (notwithstanding his age) was at Mass. He was murdered.

They murdered also the son of Judge Beaubien and scalped him. This young man had just returned from Missouri, where he had been to school.

Some fifteen miles from Fernando, several Americans had fortified themselves, with the hope of being able to beat off the savages. But their efforts were unavailing. They were all murdered. Among these are as follows: Simeon Turley, Albert Cooper, Wm. Hatfield, Antonio Folgue, Peter Sarpy, Wm. Marshall, Wm. Austin, Mark Head and Wm. Harwood.

The following is an abridged account of the Battle of Taos —

After the severe encounter between our forces and the Mexicans, near Santa Fe, Col. Price, with 300 men and four howitzers, proceeded towards the valley of Pueblo, where two large houses, as impregnable as forts, and a church, had been strongly fortified by the enemy, with every show of determined resistance. They reached there January 21st, and immediately commenced the attack. At the first charge of the Dragoons under Capt. Burgan, and the infantry, no six of our men were killed and several wounded. Capt. Burgan received a fatal wound, a shot having penetrated his lungs as he was gallantly leading his company to the attack.

When the houses were taken and the church and the Mexicans fled, but were overtaken by the Dragoons, who killed many of them. The battle lasted about two hours. From 150 to 200 of the Mexicans were killed. Our loss was seven killed and eight wounded. Gen. Price has returned to Santa Fe, where all was quiet. The latest news will end the insurrectionary war for the present.

FROM VERA CRUZ.

The following account is derived from "The American Eagle," a new paper recently started at Vera Cruz:

Some men belonging to the New York and to Pennsylvania Regiments, and four sailors from the frigate Potomac, went to the office on Sunday, the 18th ult., and went out into the country some seven or eight miles, and on their return were attacked by a party of Mexicans, supposed to be guerillas, and were all killed except one, who escaped by making his way through the chaparral. The latter was not found by any relations of the unfortunate soldiers, but on the 21st a detachment went out and found the remains of five of those killed. They had been shot and their bodies stripped. Among those who were killed were the Rev. W. H. T. Barnes, of Wilming ton, Del.; Robert Gault, of Southwark, Pa.; George W. Miller, of Providence, R. I.; Hardin, of Pottsmar, and three men belonging to the N. York Regiment, whose names are unknown.

A stringent order was issued by Gen. Scott on the 21st, respecting the behavior of prisoners who had been committed by a new worthless soldiers in the army. It states that the men in the ranks, officers, and privates, to assist in bringing in prisoners that may be captured, and to protect them by any violation of law whatever. Soldiers are not allowed to strip them except by order of officers, or to commit any violation to give pecuniary aid to the orderly and sober.

Gen. Worth has left Vera Cruz, direct the shrubs to have all citizens of Vera Cruz give up their arms. Those refusing to do so to suffer the utmost severities. The Mexican laws as between Mexicans are to be continued in force, and the same is to be administered by Mexican tribunals.

Different accounts of the evacuation of the army, and *enchanted* followers of the same, to be invading, and by a military force of 10,000 men. Americans are allowed to enter and leave the city freely between certain hours.

By another order, C. Marlow is appointed notary public, and invested with all the powers and authorities which belong to that office in the laws of Louisiana and Mexico.

F. M. Dimond is appointed collector (*personally announced*) and Felix Peters inspector of revenue for the port of Vera Cruz, and its dependencies.

Lieut. Col. Childs, R. P. Vole, having declined to serve, Capt. Thornton, of the Mounted Rifles, is appointed in his place.

Passports, and *safes* are licensed, and the sale of liquors in an unadulterated manner guaranteed.

STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Since the publication of Gen. Marshall's intelligence from three of the divisions of the Army has reached us. That from Buena Ayes represents that Taylor is concentrating his forces at Monterey, and that of Indian Corn for instance, the fall has been immense, and that the consumption has been in the rapid rise in this species of food surprised many professional men in the judgment of the statistical. Twigge had taken up his march towards the capital. Santa Anna made a triumphant entry into the city of Mexico, and was to be inaugurated the next day.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin territory.

Messrs. [illegible] Smith, T. P. Gordon, Smith, T. P. Lovejoy, and Reverend J. Hooper.

Mr. HENRY DUNCAN, East and West.

Mr. ISAAC E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and Western States.

Mr. Wright, William H. Wyld, C. H. P. Bunn, John Wyld, Jr., Reverend Mr. Bunn, Reverend Mr. Lovejoy, Reverend Mr. Hooper, and Reverend Mr. Gordon, are our Travelling Agents in the State of New York.

Mr. HENRY M. DREW is our Travelling Agent for the State of Maine.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.

JAMES PILSBURY is our Travelling Agent in Kentucky.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for the paper in the State of New York.

New Publications.

GRAHAM'S UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED LITERATURE. *Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.* We have received No. 8 of this valuable monthly. Edited by Mad. Longcare, Judson, Seba Smith, Pope, Lady Montague, Berkeley, and many other distinguished characters. The world is much indebted to the Messrs. Graham here for the publication of this and similar interesting works; and we hope the American world will not be behind them in the liberality of its patronage. Gentlemen who have established it in this country. By the way, we would inform the American publishers, that we have not received a single number of Graham's, and that in such cases it is our rule not to notice—for we cannot know the whole of an American publication, that our only means for so deciding can be supposition in this instance, is our agent's neglect to forward us such an interesting work. It is for sale by *G. B. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.*

FRATERNAL VISITATION AT VALENCIENNE. We are indebted to the author for his valedictory address to the Graduates of the Medical Department of Pennsylvania College, "just out," and published "in advance." In looking hastily through it, we notice much that is very highly to be commended. The style is chaste and correct, however, for saying that the quotation with which he concludes, while very appropriate, is taken from a work from his sermons, is in the case of a mere separation of students and faculty, is very bad taste.

"Parents! read and make sure more,
Farewell!—the passion of long years I pour
Into that word would—Farewell!"

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. Graham for May has three engravings:—"Maiden Women Dancing," "Lover's Leap," and a beautiful steel engraving of "Fashion." Its letter is by Herbert, Hosmer, Reed, Myers, Miss Fraser, &c. &c. Cooper continues his "Tales of the Gulf," and Lucy Hooper has a spirited article on "Interesting situation; while Fanny Forester contributes a well written article, which we have not room for. Liberty to copy on our first page, upon the Rights of Woman.

LADIES NATIONAL MAGAZINE. C. J. Peterson's magazine for May, is embellished with engravings of "Mary Raven's Daughter," and a "Fashion Plate." The contributors are by Mrs. Orne, Miss Leslie, Reed, Townsend, Miss Goodman, Miss Hunter, &c. &c. Mrs. Stephens continues the "Lady Mary," and T. Buchanan Read has a very pretty poem, called "Sunset Dreams," with which we have taken the liberty to adorn our own column.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. The Lady's Book for May, contains a very pretty engraving called "The Convalescent's Return," which, though not equal to some we should think would be very much liked. There are two or two other engravings, one of a Hat, and the other of a Fashion Plate. We notice among the contributors to this number, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Seba Smith, T. Hempstead, S. D. Patterson, J. T. S. Neilson, &c. &c.

MERRY'S MUSEUM AND THE PARLEY OFFICER. We have received the second and third numbers of this useful work. To an individual interested in the arts and Sciences, we should think this periodical of primary interest and importance. It is published by *William Crosse, Washington* and *Crosse & Bl air*, and for sale by *C. J. Price, Philadelphia.*

LIFE OF GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT. We have received from *Henry Zieber & Co.* the first number of the life of General Scott, embracing a full description of the Mexican and Indian campaigns of the war, and of his life in the City and Castle. The work contains forty wood engravings. It is get up in very good style. Price two dollars per No.

TOM HANDSY, THE AVENGER. *By Samuel Young, A. W. Grant, Philadelphia.* We have received the first three numbers of this work, which is issued in numbers of three pages at the low price of one cent each. The first number is devoted to the introduction, with the title—too much of the "raw head and bloody bones school"—it is for sale by *Grant, Philadelphia.*

LUTHER'S LETTERS A-B. We are indebted to *Zieber & Co* for another number of the interesting periodical.

Local Intelligence.

THE ILLUMINATION.

The Illumination of the City and District last Monday evening, was very general. The Public Buildings, Hotels, Newspaper Offices, Engine and Hose Houses, &c., were splendidly illuminated. The penitentiary, and a large number of private houses illuminated. The crowd in the principal thorough-fares, extended nearly all night, and was very much crowded, filling up with a dense mass of men, women, and even children, the whole breadth of the streets. Occasionally as it may seem, no accident of any kind occurring from the vast number of lights used, or from rockets or other fireworks. The behaviour of the people, with very few exceptions, was decent and orderly, and the conscientious feelings of those who do not consider any battle a suitable occasion for light and festive rejoicing, were properly respected.

THE VIENNOISE CHILDREN.

Madame Wens and her brilliant bevy of little dancers left this city last Monday evening, for Baltimore, for the purpose of commencing an engagement at one of the Baltimore Theatres, and returning at Wilmington, Del., however, Madame Wens was arrested at the suit of Mr. Burton, of this city, on an alleged debt, and was consequently compelled to give bail to the amount of twenty thousand dollars.

FUN TAKEN IN EARNEST.—At the late election, the people assembled in Cornwall Borough deemed it fun, who has unexpectedly taken the joke in earnest and issued the following card:—

TO the honorable inhabitants of the city of Camden, who keep hogs, pigs, goats, geese and goslings running at large in the streets. Notice is given that in 2 weeks from this date, will be dealt with according to the law of the city ordinance. Although I was elected for a fun, I am now determined that I will deal rigidly with all; without respect to persons. Mr. Mechanic, Mr. Merchant, Mr. Doctor, &c. &c. under the necessity of fulfilling its duties to the best of my knowledge.

WILLIAM HUGG, *Pound Keeper.*

Home, Camden, Hog and Goat Yards, 1st May.

DEATH OF MR. SIBLEY.—Thomas Sully, Jr., the painter, died suddenly on last Sunday. Mr. Sully was a young man of considerable talent, and we are sorry to be said to have left behind him some specimens of art which will entitle his name to a place among those of the talented of his profession.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city were 115—53 adults and 62 children.

General News.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The Key West Gazette, speaking of the insecurity of the prison on that island, relates the following strange story. Some years ago, a seaman by the name of Stephenson, accidentally shot a shipmate on a fourth of July, and was placed in this jail to await his trial. The court sheet had not been received, and the question arose about when he pleased, but made it a point of honor to keep on the prison. His friends calmly urged him to go off; and the jailer, finally getting tired of being bored, swore that he would have to go, for he could not feed him any longer, as he had no provisions him quilty. Stephenson kept hand to remain, and promised to work for the jailer to pay his board. Upon these terms he was allowed to remain in prison, working daily for his keeper until his trial came on, and he was finally hung. Here was an honest Key West criminal! he did not desire himself guilty, but was prudently willing to be hung if the community desired it. He was hung; and as no other one has ever applied for capital punishment here since, none has been inflicted.

INCIDENTS AT BUENA VISTA.—Two thousand females, who followed the Mexican army, remained, like unmanning angels, to take care of the wounded. Gen. Taylor treated them with the kindness due their sex, and the humanity expected of an American.

Thousands of the Mexicans, after their defeat, fled to the mountains, and after the lapse of a few days they presented themselves to Gen. Taylor as prisoners of war. He told them in their own language to return, that he would have nothing to do with them.

THE PUBLIC EXPENDITURES.

The Union publishes the Report of the Clerk of the House of Representatives, in obedience to the Act of 1850, which requires him to publish a statement of all the appropriations made, new offices created and salaries fixed by each Congress at the end after its session as possible. It occupies sixteen columns, and the following is a Recapitulation of the moneys appropriated by Congress:

For the civil and diplomatic expenses of the government,	$4,443,788 00
For the support of the Army and Volunteers,	39,179,461 00
For the support of the Navy,	9,307,998 00
For the support of the Post Office Department,	4,161,406 00
For the support of the Military Academy,	254,965 00
For the civil and diplomatic [illegible]	1,268,000 00
For Revolutionary and other Pensions,	1,200,000 00
For Indian affairs and Treaties,	1,500,000 00
For the erection of Light Houses,	518,236 00
Miscellaneous,	749,317 00
Total,	$67,062,373 99

TAKING OF VERA CRUZ.—In relation to the mode adopted by Scott to take Vera Cruz, the Public Ledger says:—

The foreigners and natives in Vera Cruz, complain of the taking of that city by investment; the destruction of property being a direct consequence of it; when that the loss of thousands of the American army, which Gen. Scott knew what he was about, and adopted the proper means to accomplish his object. The expectation of the partizans of Vera Cruz was, that the city would be carried by storm, and they had made great preparation for a vigorous resistance; their friends, in the North, were in great bloodshed and destruction. The streets were barricaded, and the Plaza, Monterey, and Independencia were arranged for the gunners, rows of pickets made, and sand bags thrown across the barricades. On the flat tops of the houses cannon and howitzers were also arranged so as to rake the streets. Every house was a fortification. There was no, an abundance of ammunition; and had the city been taken by storm, thousands of persons would have been killed, and our army would have had to fight hundred times for greater than any which have yet occurred.

THE REVOLUTION OVER THE CATHEDRAL IN MEXICO.

We find in the *La Patria* of New Orleans, an extract from a leading journal of the city of Mexico, giving an account of the attempt on the part of the Government of Gomez Farias to remove the silver plate from the Cathedral. It seems that the report was that the Government gave notice to the Archbishop, for the purpose of coining it, and as soon as the party to whom the business was intrusted was safely shorn of, directly turn and declared as to be with the public. The official, to whom rumor had assigned the discomfiture of the operation, denies that any notice was given to take silver plate to the coin; and says that Colonel Fierro, with the artisans necessary to remove the locks from doors, and to force open safes, obtained the treasury of the Cathedral, where he found silver to the value of $3,878, but no coin, and accordingly he had the doors secured, leaving one thing at all the same.

A CASE OF SUBJECTION IN MEXICO.—Rather a singular case of seduction came off lately at the city of Mexico, which we find in the *Spectator*. The name of Gonzales, well to do in the world, had fallen in love with a beautiful and interesting Signorita, whose family fortune was her beauty. The lady's father objected to the match, on some frivolous excuse or other, and the result was that she was sent to the convent for the purpose of becoming a nun. On this, her father entered a suit against Gonzales, for timely damages, and obtained a verdict for $500; but the lover, not willing to lose his mistress, or to see a girl shall be bound to marry her, and the wedding was consummated the other day, amidst feasting, dancing, and all the hilarity attendant upon such occasions.

PROTECTION TO THREE.—A correspondent of the U. S. Gazette writes as follows concerning a singular case of arrest which recently came by before an official:

"We are indebted in America for a second and very convenient word to individual use, that, though not thought of using the galvanic power for the purpose, may perhaps serve as well. We owe for that purpose two rings, one of copper, and the other of zinc. Having placed them upon the other, he sees them round the trunk of the tree, and if an arrest has been made, he will generally perceive a cure a galvanic shock by which it is killed, or nearly so. The effect of the apparatus is equally good in dry or wet weather, and its action is increasing."

INSANE IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Commissioners appointed by the Legislature of Massachusetts to inquire into the condition of the idiots of the Commonwealth and report what measures have been adopted during the last two years, have presented a report to that effect. This was the distinguished and robust Count Leopold Pfeiffer, who died on the 4th of February, leaving a perfectly unique library, the catalogue of which, written by female authors, amounting to nearly 10,000 volumes.

THE OHIO.—The Ohio is in a fair way to be bridged with shelling. One of the papers of that city, of a late date, says that a Company with a capital of $500,000 will soon be formed for the purpose. Having placed two piers upon the river, he says there round the trunk of the tree, and if an arrest has been made, he will generally perceive a cure a galvanic shock by which it is killed, or nearly so. The effect of the apparatus is equally good in dry or wet weather, and its action is increasing.

DAMAGE FOR THE DEATH OF A RAILROAD PASSENGER.—The Fall River Railroad Company have paid to the widow Chadwick of Henry Buck of Cork, of Middleboro', who was killed on the 23d of February last, by a collision of the cars, the sum of $4,000. They have received a discharge from any further liabilities.

FEMALE AUTHORS.—An eminent patriot of Indiana, who formerly was a distinguished Whig, has quite into the condition of the idiots of the Commonwealth and report what measures have been adopted during the last two years, have presented a report to that effect. This was the distinguished and robust Count Leopold Pfeiffer, who died on the 4th of February, leaving a perfectly unique library, the catalogue of which, written by female authors, amounting to nearly 10,000 volumes.

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Casualties.

DREADFUL EXPLOSION.

A terrible explosion took place at the Powder Mills of the Messrs. Duponts, near Wilmington, Del., on Wednesday of last week. The explosion occurred in the packing house and engine room of the establishment—the cause is unknown. Eighteen men were instantly killed.

The report was heard in this city. The buildings contained about 5,000 pounds of powder, and were entirely destroyed. The dwelling houses around were slightly injured. Pieces of flesh and bones were scattered around the scene, and but few of the bodies could be identified.

The loss of property has been inconsiderable from the circumstance of the buildings destroyed not having contained any valuable machinery; but such a great loss of life it is melancholy to observe. We are pleased to learn, however, that the families of the dead will not be thrown in their helplessness upon the world; for, in compliance with a generous and noble practice commenced by the late father, the Messrs. Dupont have settled on each of the widows of the unfortunate victims one hundred dollars annually, besides furnishing each with a cottage rent free, so long as they remain widows. Such generosity is worthy of, and yet above, all praise.

Upon a hill of one of the Messrs. Duponts, that he maintained his position upon the top of a building in which three hundred kegs of powder were stored when the first report was fired, and with undaunted heroism, succeeded in quenching the flames with the water which was supplied him in buckets by his men, before the fire communicated to the powder within, and thus doubtless preserved many valuable lives.

The Wilmington Gazette says:—

Among the singular incidents related of this distressing accident, we learn that one of the killed had lost three of the fingers of one of his hands, and that immediately on hearing the explosion the family at his dwelling rushed to the door, and almost the first object that met their sight was the poor mutilated hand severed from the limb lying near the threshold upon the ground.

A head of one of the ladies, though so much disfigured as to be unable to denote to which of the black coal and mutilated trunks it had belonged, we were informed was found the best part of a mile from any of the bodies, and nearly all the human remains were so dreadfully torn and disordered as to be with great difficulty recognised by their friends. The picture was indeed one of the most heart-rending that it is possible to imagine.

Much glass was broken at the distance of a mile and a half.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.—The steamboat New Orleans, which left Louisville on the 6th, forty-five miles below Pittsburg, by which eleven of her crew were scalded, two supposed to be mortally, one other severely, and four all the rest but one severely.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.—The steamboat Simon Kenton, near Clarksville, Tenn., recently collapsed her boiler, by which accident one person was killed and seven others badly scalded.

Items of News.

THE PRESIDENT GOING TO N. C.—A public meeting of the people of Granville, Warren, and the adjoining counties, N. C., has been called to take the necessary arrangements to receive the President of the United States and his party, and to conduct him on his way to the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, where the "Commencement" takes place the first Thursday in June. Judge Mason, the Secretary of the Navy, and a graduate of the same institution is to deliver an address on the occasion.

SMALL-POX.—This redoubtable Mexican Guest has been put under arrest by his compeers to treat near Saltillo with his 9,000 cavalry, four Lieutenant Shorer and sixty artillerists and two companies of infantry, supporting his army, and Mr. Minon is more famous for cutting off small scouting parties in the night than for meeting a foe in open battle.

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CANDOR IN THE ACT.—Blackwood's Magazine for January contains a letter, full of political insight, upon Mexico, every bit of which was taken from Waddy Thompson's recently published "Recollections of Mexico"—the surprise of the name of the author was the Literary World.

GEN. BUTLER.—It is said that Gen. Butler intends to have an operation performed on his leg. The wounds has grown in the bone, and renders him a cripple. He intends to have it separated from the bone. The wound gives him, at time, suspensions agony.

MEXICAN TARIFF.—The new tariff for the Mexican ports is to be levied on all imports into Mexico come newly ceded from the United States. The Secretary of the Treasury calculates it will yield fifteen millions of dollars.

THE FRENCH ATTACK.—The French squadron in the harbor of San Juan de Ulua was engaged several hours, during which time it fired 9,250 shot and shells without any serious injury to the walls of the fortress.

A GREAT FACT.—At a recent meeting to establish a Juvenile Refuge in Manchester, the Archbishop of Dublin said that they could educate fifty children at the same cost that they could keep one soldier.

IMPORTANT.—An exchange paper says there will be a supply of ice in this city next winter.

BUTTER AT A CAT.—Miss Bally, of Alexandria, Va., has died from a bite in the foot by a cat.

Clippings.

☞ Frederick, King of Denmark, on his last commands, exclaimed: "It is a great consolation to me in my last hour, that I never willfully offended any one, and that there is not a drop of blood on my hands."

☞ Dr. Robertson recommends the ladies who have gray hair that her little exercise, to remove the clipping-rags for use at home, instead of permanently throwing it aside on entering their teens.

☞ The Yarmouth (Mass.) Register states that the sea weed used as manure on the farms in that vicinity prevents the potato disease. Also that peat is believed to produce the same result.

☞ Mr. Fairlie, of Newark, N. J., found some melted lead accidentally thrown into his eyes, not part of it moulded itself to the eye-ball, but imparted no injury.

☞ The number of Mexicans, women and children, killed and wounded during the bombardment of Vera Cruz, is from six to seven hundred; three hundred killed.

☞ The King of Ashantee is allowed by law 3,333 wives—a privilege of which every noble monarch of that kingdom is said to avail himself.

☞ The Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer says:—"Our Cotton Factory, now in successful operation, is employing out steadily at a superior quality."

☞ By the latest advices from the interior of Vermont, there was a large amount of snow still on the ground, say eighteen or twenty inches.

☞ "Orphan" says the world pauper can be transposed into seven eighty different words, without using a letter twice in the same word.

☞ A manufacturer at Lee Comm. in New York has applied steam to his workshop. Ice made by steam is something new.

☞ It is stated that the President will call out no additional force at two thousand volunteers immediately.

☞ Gen. Almonte, it is said, succeeds Santa Anna in command of the Mexican forces.

☞ Of forty-six engaging servantgage married or widowed, thirteen have no children.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S DESPATCHES.

The Washington Union contains a letter from Gen. Taylor to the War Department, giving the details of the battle of Buena Vista. It is the longest letter which has yet come from Gen. Taylor, and which does the battle minutely. We do not think it worth while to republish the details at length, after the excellent letters which have already been published, describing the battle. We make the following extract in reference to the conduct of the second Indiana regiment which has been much reflected upon:

Captain O'Brien found it impossible to retain his position without support, but was only able to withdraw two of his parties, all the horses and consequence of the third piece being killed or disabled. Lieut. Hallaran's regiment, which had fallen back in order, could not be rallied, and took no further part in the action, except a handful of men, who, under its gallant Colonel, Bowles, joined the Mississippi regiment, and did good service, and those fugitives who, at a later period in the day, assisted in defending the train and depot at Buena Vista. This portion of our line having given way, and the enemy appearing in overwhelming force against our left flank, the right troops, which had rendered such good service on the mountain, were compelled to withdraw, which they did, but the whole left portion of the line, with the exception of the two companies of Kentucky cavalry, which had been detached to the rear, and the artillery, making not more than 453 men, composed the only force engaged during the remainder of the day. Our loss, as stated by General Santa Anna, in his summons to the [illegible] and that estimate is confirmed by all the information since obtained.

Our loss is 267 killed, 456 wounded, and 23 missing. Of the numerous wounded many did not remain long on the field, and it is hoped that but a comparatively small number will be permanently disabled. The Mexican loss in killed and wounded may be fairly estimated at 1,500, and will probably reach 2,000. At least 500 of their killed were left upon the field, and the rest were carried off in unequal numbers. Prisoners to the amount of 23 officers and 700 men, were taken. Of these 400 were deserters and dispersed on the way to Saltillo, but it is known to be correct.

General Taylor states that he was not at Buena Vista when the battle commenced. The battle commenced at day-light, and was fought with great impetuosity, and varied success for some hours. The second Indiana Regiment had given way, and the enemy was pouring masses of cavalry and infantry along a ravine, threatening our rear, and forces the rear of the Americans. Gen. Taylor arrived at this critical moment, and aided by the efforts of Capt. Bragg's battery, and Lieut. Reynolds' 4th artillery, and Lieut. Reynolds' 4th artillery, and Lieut. Reynolds' 4th artill

Beautiful Poem.

THE ROYAL INFANT BRIDAL.

BY MISS. TINDAL.

Richard, Duke of York, Second Son of Edward Fourth, was Married to Anne Mowbray, Duchess of Norfolk in her right. The Bridegroom was not Five years old and the Bride scarcely three. The ceremony was performed in Saint Stephen's Chapel, A. D., 1477.

The exultation of the early day
Streamed through the lattice grim,
And up the dark aisles' pillared way
Dwelled loud the nuptial hymn;
And pomp and pageant, long and gay
Of courtly dames and fair,
Of lofted brows of the land
The bravest, best, were there:

But sternly past the bright array,
Far gazing at its head
Two blooming children led the way
With short and doubtful tread—
The fair boy bridegroom and the bride,
(Like Cupid's train in oldly—
Meekly and loving, side by side,
Each other's hands they held.

Half pleased and half surprised they seemed,
For in each kindred eye
Love mixed with pity fondly gleamed,
And unconcealed sympathy;
A fear, for those who knew so few,
On each heart darkly fell:
Those were life's future days' a tear,
Who knew the past too well?

The bridegroom bore a royal crown
And the shining belt,
That, like a golden veil, fell down
In sunset-veil and fair,
The bearing of the noble child
His princely lineage told,
For "twixt their brows so smooth and mild
The blood of warriors rolled!

All royly were the sweet babe bride,
Yet rich, with winning grace,
She mixed, with engaging by his side,
Her dark eyes's shy face;
And playfellows, who loved her well,
Observed in each new hour,
And lived in after days to tell
The infant bridal rite!

Then wreath of nuptial marriage and deep,
The heavy prelate said,
And some had turned away to weep,
And many bowed the head;
Their steady gaze, those children meek
Upon the old man bent,
As earnestly they seemed to seek
The solemn words' intent;

Calm, in the blest simplicity
That never woke to doubt;
Calm, in the holy purity
Whose presence bars shame out!
Then turned they from each troubled brow,
And many a decorous eye,
And gazed upon each other now
In wondering sympathy;

And wonful vision, with looks of love,
Upon the silver a mess!
Such ties as seraphs bind above
These little ones might envy;
And earnestly was the babe bride's cheek
Against the fair boy pressed,
All reverent, yet so fond and meek,
So innocently blest!

Then smiled they on their grand array,
And went forth hand in hand,
Well pleased to keep high holiday
Amid that gorgeous band;
Alas! for those fine early wed
With such prophetic gloom;
For darkly fell on each young head
The shadow of the tomb!

Scarce had the tiresome died away
Of the rose wreaths they wore,
When on her accustoming nursery
The little bride they bore!
Her marriage garments o'er her blue
Bedewed with tears, were sere,
And still she smiled as she' no fear
Overlooked nor her.

A life so short, and darker down,
The gentel boy held:
He slept not in his father's tomb,
For him was bound no bed!
One sailing pang nerd his sleep,
And the dark vale was past!
He woke 'mid those who've ceased to weep,
Whose sun is ne'er to-set.

A garland floats around the throne,
Entwined by angel hands,
Of each her earth-bude, early blown,
Culled from a thousand lands!
A melody most pure and sweet
Unceasingly they sing,
And blossoms o'er the mercy seat,
The bread lotus-angels fling!

Choice Selections.

GOING OUT TO SERVICE.

Our Yankee Girls appear to the ten dollar journals the most irrational, absurd class of mortals ever heard of. "A Farmer" in the N. Y. Express thrashes them for living in luxury and spoil in those when they might each enjoy (he says) "a comfortable home at domestic service with high wages in the country." We are inclined to think that the sense of them do miss in coming to the cities. We cannot, exhort, entreat every young woman who can get any kind of an honest livelihood in the country, not to come in the cities in the delusive hope of doing better or living more genteelly here. One in a hundred may do so, but the great majority can barely obtain here the means of existence, while a lawful proportion are driven or dragged into ways and haunts altogether of which death by starvation is a mercy.

The editor of the Express exceeds the motion in his consequences. It is almost impossible (he says) to hire even a nurse for children, American born. "A *lady* may advertise for an American woman" from hiring as a servant: "It is amusing that such is often the *pride* of an American woman that she will prefer starving and cold to honest and domestic labor in other people's services," &c. &c. In short, domestic service is represented as so very light, as so very pleasant, so very comfortable and a amply paid, that it is astonishing that all who can do not rush into it—that the juvenile female Brookses, Webbs, and Chathams are not regularly trained with a view to it, and instructed to look for ward with ecstatic anticipations of the delights they are to experience in kindling fires, scrubbing floors and emptying slops from house to house and street to street through life. Yet in the face of all this Arcadian picture stands and stares the awkward, ugly, obstinate, provoking fact that our American girls, though not as a class unwilling to encounter the cares and labors and responsibilities of their own, do of fight shy of performing the necessary labors in other people's families. And, though the blessings of servitude are daily expounded to them, in accents that might answer to "while the bird from the tree," the good taste who preached to the fishes was blest with a far better audience, which even the girls permit in feeling or feigning a difference between domestic idolatry and the idolatry of domestics; their "*false pride*" resists the most supreme blandishments, and each succeeding year finds fewer and fewer of them willing to hire out as household servants. In their absence, it must be confessed that the monopoly of household duties by Irish and German girls, mostly of unbounded devotion strong and religious and national feelings from the families they serve—greatly ignorant of our social habits and tenderness—are a positive relief from the intellectual coiffure—does certainly detract much from the comfort of our homes and firesides. The evil is confessed: what is the remedy? Is there any rational hope of correcting it by scolding or blustering editorials?

For our part, we are convinced that the mountain will not come to Mahomet, "charm he never so wisely." We must get rid of the notion that it is nothing but "false pride" which keeps our young women from domestic service, and look carefully into the matter, to see if there be not something in the nature of the required service, or in its habitual conditions, which renders it so palpably irksome and revolting.

Ten, modern, who rain so flippantly of the folly or false pride of our girls, have you ever attempted to put yourself in their place and consider the matter? Have you ever looked at the thing from the stand point of a garret or *home* with better food and lodging in the house of a stranger? Have you ever thought of the difference between doing the most arduous and repulsive work for those you love and who love you, and doing the same in a strange place or for those to whom your only bond of attachment is at most love a month? Have you ever considered that the words of approval and reproach, so easy to utter, are very hard to bear especially from one whose right as to treat you is a thing of cash and of yesterday? Is the difference between freedom and service so thing to you? Have many would you like to have ordering you? But enough.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

YANKEE SHREWDNESS.

When the prospect of forming a logic matrimonial tieing town on the Merrimac River was in contemplation, certain of the persons concerned, one Mr. B——, a young gentleman skilled as an engineer, and who was also fond of spinning, in view of the many privileges candidly, and with much inquiry as to the prices of land in the vicinity, He went with his sag, gun and fishing tackle, and visited a friend in a farmer's house, where he remained his time in viewing the falls, and the canal, and the river, and grounds, with occasional fishing and fishing. After spending some time there, in talking with the farmer, one evening he told him, "that he liked the place very well, and thought he should be pleased to come and live there." The man said "he should be pleased to have him." "Well, Mr. F., what will you take for your farm?" "Why, I don't want to sell it, Mr. B.; nor would I, unless I can get twice what it is worth, as I am satisfied there, and don't want to move." "Well, what do you say is it worth, Mr. F.?" "Why, it is worth $1,500, and I won't sell it for less than $3,000." "That is too much," says B.; "I can't give that." "Very well, you need not." Here the conversation ended. Mr. B continued his sporting, and having received his instructions in the course of a few days, renewed his talk with Mr. F. and said to him, "Well, Mr. F., I have made up my mind, that I would like to live here very well, and though you ask me much, I will take up with your offer, and give you $3,000." "Why, as to that, Mr. B., you did not understand me when I talked it to you, and I am not willing to sell it now for anything less than $6,000." "You are joking, Mr. F." "Not at all, Sir, I am in earnest, and I shan't continue my offer more that 24 hours." B, finding he was determined, went off for instructions, and the next day told Mr. F. he would give him $6,000. The purchase was made, deed passed, and money paid. Some time afterwards Mr. B asked the former what reason he had in the course of a few days to double the price for his farm, and to insist upon it. "Why, Mr. B., I will tell you; a day or two after I refused you the farm for $3,000, I saw two men on the opposite side of the Merrimac River, sitting on a rock, and talking for some time; then they got up, and one went up the river, and the other down, and after some time they returned, and seemed in earnest conversation for half an hour or more, when they arose and went away. I did not know what it meant, but I thought something was in the wind, and I was determined, if you refused me again to sell my farm, I would demand double the price." Thus began the purchase of land upon which the city of Lowell has been erected.—*Gleaner.*

Selected Articles.

DEATH OF TWO ELEPHANTS.

It is with a feeling of regret that we record the untimely fate of the two noble elephants, "Virginius" and "Pizarro," so long the pride of the Menagerie of Messrs. Raymond & Waring. It appears that on leaving this city, the Menagerie was opened at Camden; and on Wednesday morning, attempts were made to induce the elephants to walk down and on board of the ferry slips into a steamboat. The animals, however, refused to trust their ponderous bodies upon the planks. At length, their keeper, Mr. Nutter, led them to the Marine Railway, in Southwark, for the purpose of inducing them to swim across the Delaware. This instruction, they cheerfully submitted, and obeyed their keeper in all things necessary for their aquatic trip. By the way, elephants are celebrated swimmers, frequently crossing the broadest rivers of India in droves. On this occasion they were yoked together. Had it not been so, it is possible that one of them might have been saved. They descended into the water and followed the rail of their keeper. Mr. Nutter, who proceeded them in a boat. There was a strong ebb running at the time, and when fairly in the channel of the river, they found it difficult to stem the current, and therefore swam with it for nearly two miles.

At length, when opposite the "powder pier," Virginius' head was seen to sink, and notwithstanding every effort of Mr. Nutter, his head was soon beneath the surface—and as he sank, his companion "Pizarro" was drawn under the trunk or proboscis of the latter elevated as long as possible—but sinking slowly, gradually beneath the waves. A hooked spear was extended to Pizarro by Mr. Nutter, who held on with such force that the iron hook was fairly torn out of its socket. All in vain, however—the last tip of Pizarro's trunk soon sank, and two noble animals had ceased to breathe. They seemed conscious of their situation—their inevitable fate—and their last looks towards their keeper were those of regret and agony, as if sorrowing to leave him.

We received the account from Mr. Nutter himself, who seemed to be deeply and sincerely grieved at his loss—and in fact, he said that the loss of his beloved, and evident affection of the animals for him, had quite won upon his feelings. "Pizarro" was worth nearly $20,000. Virginius and Pizarro were well known to hundreds in this city, and many of their "friends" (we think we may use the term) will read this announcement with regret—almost with sorrow. The chilliness of the water is supposed to have been the principal cause of their drowning.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

LITTLE BESCHTERS.—A single grain of seed may decide the fate of an empire, a tiny gust drive an elephant to madness, and a little insignificant insect cause that stream, which every dial 'rot smooth," to boil, splurge and sputter like a Norwegian maelstrom. We read of a Persian conqueror, who, just on the eve of battle, had a grain of seed blown into his eye—he rubbed the pellet, irritation ensued, fever took place, and he died. His successor, who had to build a mighty fabric, and who, without a very wicked man, lost the confidence of the soldiers, was ingloriously defeated, taken prisoner, and woke up one morning to find that he had fly gets into the ear of an elephant—the sensation at first a very pleasant, and he flaps his huge ears with the same manner which a coquette coats his feathers apron. Anon he finds that there may be even too much of a good thing, and by a gentle hint to his proboscis he tries to get rid of the unwelcome guest. Finding himself not obeyed he gets into a terrible rage, and in a futile attempt to tear up a tree, he tears down a house, and then lets loose his senses, and he does. Three thousand years after, we read in history to invest in Alabama, with one tank here and the other there. The one is to be used to city springs up, and from the fact of two tanks being found on the original site, men christen it Tuscaloosa.

ANECDOTE OF A PARROT.—A Quaker lady in England had a little servant girl, whom she frequently called Betsy. The girl was a constant cause of reading, and as she had a low, mumbling voice, her mistress had frequently occasion to reprove her, telling her to speak so as to be heard. "Betsy," said the latter, "I am a little deaf, and I am not willing to sell it now for anything less than $6,000." "You are joking, Mr. F." "Not at all, Sir, I am in earnest, and I shan't continue my offer more that 24 hours." B, finding he was determined, went off for instructions, and the next day told Mr. F. he would give him $6,000. The purchase was made, deed passed, and money paid. Some time afterwards Mr. B asked the former what reason he had in the course of a few days to double the price for his farm, and to insist upon it. "Why, Mr. B., I will tell you; a day or two after I refused you the farm for $3,000, I saw two men on the opposite side of the Merrimac River, sitting on a rock, and talking for some time; then they got up, and one went up the river, and the other down, and after some time they returned, and seemed in earnest conversation for half an hour or more, when they arose and went away. I did not know what it meant, but I thought something was in the wind, and I was determined, if you refused me again to sell my farm, I would demand double the price." Thus began the purchase of land upon which the city of Lowell has been erected.—*Gleaner.*

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BY T. B. READ.

I.

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A dauntless noble knight was he!
He pledged a cup of wine to all
His hand, the flower of chivalry.
"If that lad!" he cried, "my merry men
Drink deep, a maiden is the true,
To-day we name the fairest queen
That lies a league away or more!
Though she has hall-score suitors all!
By crosses, swords and spears of steel,
Ere evening fall, is Rhinestein hall
I bring the maid of Whisper dell!"

II.

And then he blew a bugle blast,
While came his men, one second line,
And now his dragon banyon was cast
Adrift upon the Rhine;
As swiftly as a midnight dream
They floated down the noble river,
While gleaming spears and helmet's gleam
On dancing waves were seen to quiver.
A league away they leapt to shore—
After their wending footsteps fell!
They gained the maiden's but at door,
And clasped the maid of Whisper dell!

III.

She sat upon Sir Hugo's arm
As it were her accustomed place:
No look that told the fear of harm
Came cloud like o'er her radiant face—
She lay upon his iron breast
Beholded in magic robes of white,
As rides the moon adown the west
In the unyielding arms of night.
Now loudly rang their armore's clash
As in the barque they mounted well,
And clanging from the far bank flash
They bore the maid of Whisper dell!

IV.

Against the dragon-prow she stood,
The tall enchantress maiden below,
He long her in a golden flood
Sweep backward from her neck of snow:
Can bind war on she sang, and
The other raised as to command—
When straightway leapt the waves from rest
Lobs wrinkled around the maiden's breast!
They pointed the ship from side to side,
The rested and rosk beneath the tide,
A voice amid the waters cried,
"Beware the maid of Whisper-dell!"

The Horticulturist.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

CULTIVATING FRUIT TREES.—So great is the loss resulting from stunted and diseased growth, occasioned by neglected cultivation, that an intelligent cultivator grows if not annually, at least in tenths of our orchards should be cut down, and the labor and cultivation which they receive be expended on the remaining tenth, more and better fruit would be raised."

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Fun and Frolic.

GOING TO LAW.—Two Dutchmen, who built and used in common a small bridge over a little stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning a certain repair that was needed; one of them objected to paying the expense of the purchase of two or three planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and stated the matters in his hand, said, "I will give you all dish money if you'll make Hans de justice mit the bridge."

"How much will it cost to repair the bridge?" asked the honest counsellor of the determined litigant.

"Well, den, not more as five hollars," replied the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and handing him the other, "take this, and go and get the bridge repaired, it is the best course you can take."

"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "dat ish more better den to quarrel mit Hans," but as he went along home he shook his head incessantly, as if to indicate, after all, he was greatly how he had gained anything by the operation.

TIT FOR TAT.—A dashing fellow, who seemed to think that he manufactured his ingenuity by the donkin he exhibited of anything like courtesy to the humbler classes of society, was driving his gig one rainy day, when he came to a toll-bar, and asked what was to pay.

"Eight-pence, if you please," said the civil gatekeeper.

Instead of handing the money to him, our grandee carelessly threw a shilling on the wet and muddy ground.

"There, take your change out of that."

The keeper stooped for the silver, and placing the receipt exactly on the same spot, walked coolly into his cottage.

FAMILY GRAMMAR.—A handsome carriage and pair was standing at the door of a fashionable shop, in which the ladies, who had alighted, had secured, as the usual errand of lasteful expenditure, and a gentleman remained in the carriage reading.

"Ah!" said one ignoramus to the other, "that's something handsome now. How I should like to be driven out in such an equipage as that!"

"Well," replied the other, coolly, "you have only to step in at once, and you will be driven out immediately, I warrant you."

GRAMMAR REPLAYED.—A day or two ago, a Quaker and a hot-headed youth were quarrelling in the street. The broad-brimmed friend kept his temper more especially, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other. "Fellow," said the latter, in a passion, "I don't know a bigger fool than you, damning the argument with an oath. "Friend!" replied the Quaker, "then forgotten verbal!"—*Times.*

RATHER FOLL.—"Bobby, my boy," said a silly mother to her darling, whom she had been treating with tarts and other good things, "can you eat any more?"

"Why, yes, mamma," was the hesitating reply. "I think I could, if I stood up!"

Our Scrap Book.

KEEP AT WORK.

FROM THE BOSTON CHRONOTYPE.

Does a mountain on you frown?
Keep at work!
Toy many undertakes it yet;
If you stand and gaze it grows less.
Heavy bruises you may get.
Keep at work.

Does Miss Fortune's face look sour?
Keep at work:
She may smile again some day;
If you pout your hair and fret,
Rest assured she'll have her way.
Keep at work.

Are you concerned by your friends?
Keep at work;
Whether they are wrong or right,
May be you must hide your time,
If for misery you fight.
Keep at work.

If the devil growls at you,
Keep at work;
That's the best way to resist;
If you hold up tempting bait,
You may find his iron fist.
Keep at work.

Are your sinews stiffled?
Keep at work:
Greater men than you are bound;
Don't be discouraged, or afraid—
Ox will be appreciated.
Keep at work.

Every thing is done by labor;
Keep at work,
If you would improve your station
They have help from Providence
Who trust on their own sinewes.
Keep at work.

FRANKLIN.

SWEARING IN HARMONY.—Not long ago, as I was on my way from Newark to Jersey City, in the cars, I observed a young lady sitting opposite to me, who seemed very much annoyed by the conversation of a young naval officer, which was continually interlarded with oaths. She at length (having sat as long as she could without reproving him,) said, "Sir, can you converse in the Hebrew tongue?" "No, Madam," he replied, (expecting, no doubt, to hold some conversation with her in that dialect. She then politely informed him that the exclamations of the Hebrew servants from Sancho's, which have regarded Chibuahoe. In this quarter no resistance is anticipated. The distance which they and Taylor will have to travel to reach San Luis is about 330 miles, about 50 miles of which lie through a barren desert, where there is no food or water. San Luis is a city of about 20,000 inhabitants, though formerly estimated at 50,000. It is situated on an extensive plain, and is remarkably healthy. It is a well built town, and the inhabitants, who are active and industrious, are chiefly engaged in manufactures. Very few of the troops in the vicinity are now wrought, for some time, to be located, in which cause is ascribed the depopulation of the place.

To PRESERVE OYSTERS.—Prevent some of the largest sort of oysters; wash four dozen in their own liquor, and lay them on a folded napkin to dry; strain the liquor; add to it a little more than half its quantity of water, two tables of mace, three table-spoonfuls of white wine, and a teaspoonful of vinegar; and if the liquor is not salt, a table-spoonful of salt; simmer the oysters for a few minutes in this liquor; then put them into jars, boil up the pickle, skim it, and pour it over the oysters. Cover them close.—*Cook.*

SAUSAGES.—Ham or tongue for Sandwiches, will be found much finer eating if prepared according to the following receipt.

Lay ham (tongue) to soak over night, in cold water; the next morning scrape them well and put them in cold water to cover them, and let them boil gently till tender; remove the skin, and then take them up and thin them. Keep the skin of the ham to lay over it until wanted for use.

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"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "dat ish more better den to quarrel mit Hans," but as he went along home he shook his head incessantly, as if to indicate, after all, he was greatly how he had gained anything by the operation.

TIT FOR TAT.—A dashing fellow, who seemed to think that he manufactured his ingenuity by the donkin he exhibited of anything like courtesy to the humbler classes of society, was driving his gig one rainy day, when he came to a toll-bar, and asked what was to pay.

"Eight-pence, if you please," said the civil gatekeeper.

Instead of handing the money to him, our grandee carelessly threw a shilling on the wet and muddy ground.

"There, take your change out of that."

The keeper stooped for the silver, and placing the receipt exactly on the same spot, walked coolly into his cottage.

FAMILY GRAMMAR.—A handsome carriage and pair was standing at the door of a fashionable shop, in which the ladies, who had alighted, had secured, as the usual errand of lasteful expenditure, and a gentleman remained in the carriage reading.

"Ah!" said one ignoramus to the other, "that's something handsome now. How I should like to be driven out in such an equipage as that!"

"Well," replied the other, coolly, "you have only to step in at once, and you will be driven out immediately, I warrant you."

GRAMMAR REPLAYED.—A day or two ago, a Quaker and a hot-headed youth were quarrelling in the street. The broad-brimmed friend kept his temper more especially, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other. "Fellow," said the latter, in a passion, "I don't know a bigger fool than you, damning the argument with an oath. "Friend!" replied the Quaker, "then forgotten verbal!"—*Times.*

RATHER FOLL.—"Bobby, my boy," said a silly mother to her darling, whom she had been treating with tarts and other good things, "can you eat any more?"

"Why, yes, mamma," was the hesitating reply. "I think I could, if I stood up!"

Agricultural.

COLMAN'S EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

Part VIII opens with a continuation of the subject of "Canes." He describes at length the different modes of cultivating wheat, showering the advantages claimed for the broadcast, the drilling, and the dibbling systems. He thinks drilling is greatly to protected to sowing broadcast. The first advantage is the more equal distribution of seed, the next, the greater chance the plants have of spreading, and the third, the opportunity it affords of cleaning and cultivating the crop. He observes—"I am of an opinion, borne out very strongly by facts which have come under my observation, that the drill is the only method of sowing that is to be benefitted by cultivation as my plant which is grown; and the injury which is done, both to the growth of the plant and to the amount of grain, by the weeds which ripen their seeds among it, renders the sowing or cleaning of the crop of great importance."

The main saving or advantage in dibbling, is in the quantity of seed sown; but against this advantage is to be placed Mr. C.'s opinion "that the insects and frost, and the imperfect germination of the seed." He does